



Enraged



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Chapter 1 by Amour

Surprise quiz. Math, of all things.

I rolled my eyes as Ms. Teller passed out the test questionnaires. I sighed and read the first question:

If the square of a number is added to 3 times the number, the sum is 108. Find the number using the quadratic equation.

At least I know this one. I was writing the answer when the chair shook, causing a messy streak of ink on my paper. I turned around and I saw that Reid is kicking my chair. He raised a mocking eyebrow.

Reid is the school bully. It seems like he only goes to school every day just to intimidate kids, and I'm his favored target. It's easy to see why. I'm different. I'm... a freak.

Reid raised another eyebrow. I looked away. I also don't want to start another conflict so I'll let him off this time, like all the other times. Besides, ignore him and he'll go nuts.

But he kept on kicking the leg of my chair. What on earth was his problem? I struggled to concentrate on the test.

_If ten men **thud** working at **thud** the same rate **thud** can finish **thud** a painting job **thud** in three days **thud** then how many **thud** days will it **thud** take eight men **thud** to finish **thud** the

same painting **thud** job? **thud**

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I slammed my pen on the table and Reid smirked.

"Can you please stop doing that?"

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Reid smiled innocently. "Stop doing what?"

"That," I insisted.

"Oh," he pretended to be surprised. "You mean this?" He kicked my chair again, this time harder. The metal legs screeched against the tiled floor. I glared at him. I felt rage bubbling inside me.

"What is going on there?" Ms. Teller's voice boomed across the room.

"Little Freak Show here is blaming me for not knowing the answers to the test," Reid jeered.

"What? I did not," I said in gritted teeth.

"And he's in denial."

I raised my voice. "I'm just telling you to stop!"

"Ooohh, feeling superior now, aren't you?" Reid snapped. "Well, guess what? You're still a little weenie, a baby. A stupid little boy," he spat the words like poison. "No, I'm mistaken. You're a freak. An ugly beast. A freak of nature who could NEVER fit in. You're never even supposed to exist. What did your Mammy say when she first saw you? It's a miracle you're still alive today and-

"I SAID STOP!" I shout.

"Freak, freak, freak, freak..." he chanted, as if not hearing anything. He is now determined to put me down. Soon, the other students started to join in the chorus, laughing. Laughing at me. I look for Ms. Teller, hoping she could save me from this situation. She just sat there at her desk, staring at the opposite wall.

The chants grew louder and faster. Nobody ever stood up to Reid before, not even the teachers, not anyone. He's too strong. Too powerful.

And I'm weak.

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A strange fury boiled my blood. I never even knew it was there until it had reached the maximum.

I looked at him. He's still sneering at me, pushing me deeper to the ground.

No. Not today. Not ever again.

I grabbed my pen. I poised it like a dagger high above my head.

Yes, it's true. I'm a freak. I'm different from them.

But I'm not weak. Not anymore.

With a roar, I drive the pen down on his face as hard as I could. I hear the satisfying *clunk* of metal against bone.

And a curdled scream pierced the bloodied air.

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